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BY  
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**SPIDEL & STAPLES.**

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For the Henderson Reporter.

## ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY.

The telegraph brings the news of another great battle's having been fought. The contest was long and severe. The slaughter was frightful. The casualties were about equal. Ten thousand fell (killed and wounded) on each side, making an aggregate of twenty thousand. And, among them, a number of commissioned officers. The contending armies fought with equal courage and desperation, but, after the most fearful struggle, for many hours, the enemy gave way, and our soldiers gained a glorious victory. Twenty thousand American citizens have fallen, and a hundred thousand fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and children, have lost, each, a father, husband, son or brother. More than a hundred thousand friends of the fallen have clothed themselves in mourning, and thirty thousand hearth-stones are bedewed by the tears of disconsolate mothers, wives and sisters; but the Nation is baptized in the glory of victory, the shekinah of the god of war! Partizans and patriots greet each other with exclamations of glorious news! a great victory! our army triumphant! Mothers, daughters and wives, who have no sons, husbands or brothers among the killed, echo the joyful news, as heartily as if it were only twenty thousand serpents killed; and professed Christians (God be merciful to them!) meet together to thank God that many thousand souls are hurried into Eternity, from amid the horrible cursings, blasphemies and human butcheries of the battle-field! Ministers of the Gospel of the meek and merciful Jesus, lift up their voices in loud thanksgiving to a God, who notices the fall of a sparrow, and hears the cry of the young raven. Great cities are illuminated, and a hundred rounds of cannon are fired, in honor of the victory. Like the little boy, in the old tradition, who shared his bowl of milk and bread with the venomous serpent, admiring, with extatic wonder, the brilliant colors of his skin, wholly forgetful of the deadly poison of its fangs, the great Public grows wildly enthusiastic over the glory of a victory, wholly forgetting the ten thousand venomous fangs that pierce the hearts of bereft wives and mothers. But turn away, gentle reader, from the baneful passion of party strife, and the false glare of a bloody victory, and enter with me into a few of the desolated homes of the fallen. Here is the stately and comfortable home of Henry Thornby and his wife. They were the parents of but two children. They were both sons, and the youngest was nineteen years of age. From the birth of their children have Mr. and Mrs. T. been laboring for the welfare of their two sons. They cut away the forest, built and adorned their house, beautified their grounds, bought fine paintings and libraries, and invited the visits of many young people, all for the sake of Henry and William. Every fiber of their hearts were knit with those of their sons; and their sons worthily returned their love and confidence. There was a happy family, and, with their well regulated habits of life, they were likely to live to a good old age. How happy were they in the

thought that their "noble boys" would gladden their hearts, with their filial association, support them in the decline of old age, and finally, wipe the death-damp from their brows and lay them down to rest in the family grave-yard. But honest patriotism called both the sons to the battle-field, and they both fell in the strife, that won that "glorious victory," and the house of their parents is left desolate to them forever. Their anguish is too poignant to be described. Cease your shouting over the victory, Christians, and pray for them!

Lizzie Lee was a bright blue eyed, sunny little lassie of seven summers, when her mother "fixed up her basket" and started her to school. She was weeping, from apprehension of ill-treatment at school, when Henry Thornby, three years her senior, and a noble, generous, open-hearted boy, overtook her, carried her basket, and, by a kind, pleasant manner, and lively prattle, he encouraged her little heart to real cheerfulness, by the time they reached school. This incident led to a close friendship between Henry and Lizzie, which continued, uninterrupted, until Henry started off to College, five years afterwards. They parted then, with many tears and vows of remembrance. Henry was four years at College, and then spent almost two years in Europe, before he returned home.

But he and Lizzie had kept up a regular correspondence, and had, not, for a day, forgotten their early friendship. When they met, they could scarcely recognize each other; but their hearts were old acquaintances. A few evenings after his return from Europe, found them walking together, along the same path in which they had met on their way to school. Their thoughts simultaneously ran back to that period, and they lived over again the days of their childhood friendship. Their hearts gradually unfolded to each other, and, in the same proportion, flowed together—not by those tumultuous impulses of passion that produce so many unhappy marriages, but by a true and unreserved exposition of their hearts to each other. They were one in heart, and enjoyed a happiness unknown to the passionate worshippers of mere beauty or voluptuousness. He made no love speeches, she made no blushes. When they talked of the future, they took no oaths of fidelity to each other, and made no extravagant vows, but simply and truthfully, engaged to become man and wife. Lizzie was expecting Henry home, on *fourth*, to spend a few days with his parents and her, when news of the victory came, and with it the news of Henry's death. I must leave the true-hearted woman to judge what a costly victory it has been to Lizzie Lee.

Robert Lisle and his young wife—for she married at sixteen—had lived together, with all that sweetest bliss that flows from a single hearted youthful love, that binds together husband and wife with ties stronger than death, nearly four years, when he supposed that duty to his country called him to arms. He embraced his wife with the fervor of a young lover, kissed his little boy, two years old, with many fond kisses, and with many words of encouragement, bade them adieu, hoping to return soon, at the close of the war. Poor Mary Lisle! how she has watched and prayed, and hoped that the war would close. What long letters she has written to Robert, about herself and "little Charley!" When she heard of "the victory," she hoped that the war would soon end, but a few days brought the sad intelligence, that Robert had fallen, like a true soldier. Poor woman! God help thee to bear it, and live for the fatherless boy! I have given briefly but three cases out of many, many thousands. How heartless or thoughtless must be the man or woman—much more the Christian—that can rejoice over such a victory. Rather let us say with Pyrrhus: "A few more such victories, and we are all undone." Shall we not appeal to the God of Mercies (rather than of battles) to deliver us from the impending ruin?

Henderson, Ky., May, 1863.

SOMETHING TO LOVE.—The human heart has of course its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to flee into desert places; to have no employment, that is, to love nothing; but to keep on sullenly beating, beating, beating, until death lays his little finger on the ciliary thing, and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut from human company, it falls in love with a plant, a stone, yea, it dandles cat or dog, and calls the creature darling. Yes, it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.

## The Death of Mark Antony.

I am dying, Egypt! Dying—  
Ebbes the crimson life tide fast,  
And the Dark Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast.

Let thine arm, O Queen, support me—  
Hush thy sobs, and lend thine ear—  
Listen to the great heart-secrets,  
Thou and only thou must hear.

Thy me scarred and veteran legions;  
Bear thy eagles high no more;  
Thy wrecked and scattered galleys,  
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore.

Thy no glittering guards surround me,  
Prompt to do their master's will,—  
I must perish like a Roman,—  
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minion,  
Mock the lion thus laid low;  
'Twas no hireling hand that felled him—  
'Twas his own that dealt the blow.

Dearest! then pillow on thy bosom,  
Ere his star shall lose its rays,  
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble,  
Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
Where my injured spouse, Octavia,  
Weeps within her widow'd home.

Seek her—say the Gods have told me,  
Angels—angels—circling wings,  
That her blood with mine commingled,  
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!  
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!  
Light the step to Stygian horror,  
With the splendors of thy smile.

Give the Caesar crows and arches,  
Let his brow the laurels twine;  
I can scorn the senate's triumph—  
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt! dying—  
Hark! the insulting woman's cry,  
They are coming—quick! my falchion,  
Let me face them, ere I die.

Ah! no more amid the battle,  
Shall my heart exulting swell;  
I am dying Egypt! dying—  
Cleopatra! Rome! Farewell!

## KENNETH CLYDE'S FIRST LOVE.

BY AMA RANDOLPH.

The hazy veil of Indian Summer lay like a golden mist over the quiet old forests, that sweet November afternoon, as the quick tread of Kenneth Clyde's horse rustled through the fallen leaves that literally carpeted the secluded road. And the young man let the reins fall carelessly on Selim's arched neck, as he looked with a thrill of admiration at the panorama of purple hills that stretched along the clear horizon, like islets floating on a sea of golden air.

"Now, if I were an artist," quoth Kenneth to himself, "I should be worrying my brains how to transfer that lovely sky to canvas—but as I'm nothing of the kind, I can enjoy it without any professional drawbacks. Gently, Selim—gently, old fellow—that was a sharp turn in the road! Let me see—I shall have plenty of time to reach Whitestone before dark, I think. Wonder what time it is!—only four o'clock, and—"

But the well shaped thought never came to completion in Kenneth Clyde's mind. That very instant in which he glanced at his watch, Selim, terrified by the swift apparition of a velvet-backed rabbit darting across the road, gave a sudden sidelong swerve, and Kenneth Clyde remembered nothing more.

And the shadows stretched longer and longer through the golden aisles of the woods, and the bright-eyed squirrels eyed him suspiciously from their mossy heights, and the birds kept up their low-voiced twittering, while he lay there, stunned and motionless! Ah, Selim, that was an ungenerous trick you served your trusting rider!

When he waked to consciousness, with a dull, heavy throbbing in his head, and a sharp pain in his left arm, he was in a snug, low-ceiled room, with stars shining in through the red-curtained windows and a crackling fire blazing on two gigantic brass fire-dogs, just in front of the broad chintz-covered lounge on which he lay. And clearly outlined against the genial blaze was a pretty head with braids of hair knotted low at the back, and black-lashed eyes thoughtfully fixed upon the fire.

"I wonder how I came here?" was Kenneth's vague reflection. "I wonder who she is! And I wonder—confound that shooting pain in my arm—I remember it all now."

He uttered a slight groan as some trivial movement caused him an acute pang of anguish.

"Aunt Patty—he is opening his eyes," said the pretty vision by the fire, springing to her feet, and speaking of him, as though he were not eagerly listening to every word.

"Gracious sakes alive!" ejaculated Mrs. Patty Brewster, trotting nimbly in, with a colossal camphor bottle in one hand and a bowl of sage tea in the other. "Well, it's a real mercy, ain't it, that you happened to be out after mosses, and found him in the woods, Mary. Lie still now," she added to Kenneth, who was grimacing vainly against the smoking sage tea, "and take your medicine, that's a dear."

"I don't think he likes it, aunt Patty," interposed the young girl.

"Well, it'll do him good," persisted the old dame.

"I'll give it to him, aunt—you see if the doctor ain't coming," said the younger lady, taking the bowl from Mrs. Brewster's hands. Aunt Patty bustled away and Miss Mary quietly turned the contents of the large blue bowl out of the window, her bright eyes brimming with mirth as they met Kenneth's grateful glance.

"Don't you think it has done you good already?" she asked, with admirable gravity.

"I think so," responded Kenneth solemnly.

And when Mrs. Patty returned, she nodded approvingly at the empty bowl, remarking that "sage tea was wonderful quiet'n'g."

Kenneth lay there, watching the young girl's graceful motions with languid interest—nay, he found himself observing the very bow of blue ribbon at her throat, and the azure belt that circled her slender waist, and wondered how her hands happened to be so wondrously small and well shaped! To be sure it was none of his business; but then he had nothing else to think of.

It was nearly a month before the doctor would allow him to mount Selim again, for a slight fever followed his fall and exposure; but contrary to his usual custom, our hero took no exceptions to the Esculapian fiat and resigned himself with marvelous philosophy to the seclusion of the sick room! And what came of it all, our readers may glean for themselves from a little conversation that took place the day of Kenneth Clyde's final departure.

He was sitting musingly before the fire, in the clear morning sunshine, when the door opened, and the young lady with the black lashes came in.

"Some letters for you, Kenneth," she said, extending a little hand, freighted with epistolary treasures.

But instead of peacefully possessing himself of the letters, he took hand and all, and gently drew the resisting damsel to a seat beside him.

"Sit down there, Mary.—I haven't seen you for a whole hour," he said, with an air of audacious authority.

"Let go my hand, then," said Mary; but he didn't! "Tell me who your letters are from," she added.

"This is from my uncle, Miss Curiosity; he thinks it high time his lingering nephew returned to the halls of his childhood—wishes me to mingle in general society this winter, and—Hullo! what's this?—the young heiress he has so often mentioned to me, Miss Vernon, will be in town staying at Mrs. Clerington's—he hopes I will at least enter the lists for this charming prize! By his leave, I shall do nothing of the sort! Don't look at me with such wistful, mournful eyes, dear! I was wrong to allow you to see the letter, for my uncle knows nothing of the precious treasure I have won among these woods."

"Will you really love the little country girl as truly as ever, in all that atmosphere of wealth and gaiety?" she asked almost sadly.

"Can you doubt me, dear love? What is Miss—Miss What's-her-name to me? Do you suppose all her money-bags are worth one of your smiles? Nay, there is that doubtful look again! Mary, I wish you would let me take you back as my cherished wife."

"No," she said, quietly; "next Spring will be soon enough. Only, Kenneth, I feel an absolute certainty that you will, sooner or later, marry that heiress."

"Never!" said Clyde with resolute determination.

It was one of the clearest of January nights—the stars all twinkling in the freezing concave of heaven, and the winds whistling down the gaslighted thoroughfares of New York—when Kenneth Clyde sat reading in the library of his uncle's luxurious dwelling.

"Come, my boy—it's high time we were en route for Mrs. Clerington's," exclaimed a brisk, cheerful voice, and Mr. Jones Clyde entered the room. He stopped short in dismay at the sight of his nephew in dressing-gown and cigar.—"Not ready yet? what does this mean?" "I had concluded to remain at home, uncle!" said Kenneth, lazily lifting his handsome eyes.

"Nonsense—pshaw!" ejaculated the old gentleman. "Go and dress—it won't take you five minutes, and I'm particularly anxious that you should accompany me this evening. Miss Vernon is to be there, you know!"

"That's the very reason I had wished to remain at home, uncle. I do not wish to become acquainted with the popular heiress."

"And why not, young man, I'd like to know?"

"Because, uncle, all the love I have to bestow is in the keeping of Mary Tracy; and, as you wish to introduce me to Miss Vernon as an aspirant to her hand and fortune, I think it well to inform you that it is utterly useless. I love Mary Tracy and intend to marry her."

Mr. Jones Clyde twisted his white gloves wrathfully round and round.

"My dear boy, you'll get over that fancy of yours in a few weeks. I wish Selim's neck had been broken before he galloped you into such a confounded entanglement! Be reasonable—be sensible."

"I am both, uncle!"

"But you must go with me to-night," Mrs. Clerington specially asked me to

bring you, and I promised that I would. For my sake!"

"Well, sir, if it is really essential to your happiness—but I give you notice that I shall avoid Miss Vernon as systematically as etiquette will allow!"

And so the old gentleman had his way after all.

As Kenneth Clyde sauntered through the crowd that thronged Mrs. Clerington's handsome rooms, it would have been difficult to find a better type of utter indifference and ennui than his countenance presented. How gladly he would have exchanged the delicious music of the band for the chirping of the cricket in Mrs. Patty Brewster's chimney corner—the blazing chandelier for the flickering fire-light! At length Mrs. Clerington laid her jeweled fan on his arm.

"Mr. Clyde, I want to present you to Miss Vernon."

"If Miss Vernon would only excuse me!" he said with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Out of the question, recreant cavalier!" said his hostess, gaily. "I have promised to bring you to her; come."

And she led him through one or two rooms to a quiet little apartment where a single gas-light shone softly through a white glass shade. There was only one lady in the room, and she stood by the mantel, her face half averted.

"Miss Vernon—Mr. Clyde!" pronounced Mrs. Clerington, in low, distinct tones—and then vanished.

The lady turned full towards him—her cheek flushed, and her lips dimpled with half-repressed smiles.

"Kenneth!"

"Mary!"

The reader need not expect a *verbatim* et *literatim* account of the next five minutes' proceedings.

"But, Mary," said Kenneth, when he had satisfied himself that the lovely vision in the diamonds and white tulle was really the black-lashed beauty of the farm-house, and that no deception had been played on his senses, "they told me you were Miss Vernon."

"So I am—my name is Mary Tracy Vernon."

"But how—"

"How did I happen to play *bella incognita*? I will tell you. Aunt Patty is no relative—only my dear old nurse; and the freak seized me to go there, last autumn, instead of joining Mrs. Clerington's party on a tour through Canada. I would not let Aunt Patty tell you who I was, and accordingly ignored my last name, for I was so tired of being 'Miss Vernon.' Set that down as another freak if you like! Now, dear Kenneth, she added, with a sudden change from arch independence to bashful penitence, that was irresistibly charming, "you will not scold me for cheating you just a little? Indeed I'll never be naughty again!"

For answer, he only drew her closer to his breast.

"I told you I was certain you would marry 'the heiress,' said Mary, saucily. "But you have avoided Miss Vernon so completely, that I began to be afraid I should never see you again."

Mr. Jones Clyde was considerably astonished, about an hour subsequently, when he came into the room and found his nephew and the heiress on such excellent terms; but he soon comprehended matters, with a little explanation from Mrs. Clerington.

The Gordian knot of difficulties was cut, and Kenneth Clyde married his "first love" after all.

[From the Richmond Enquirer, May 13.]

## THE FUNERAL OF JACKSON.

The city was again, on yesterday, the scene of another tumultuous outburst of mourning, and the last offices of honor to the departed hero were performed with fitting magnificence. In no public ceremony, not even the grand display which attended the inauguration of the monument to Washington some years ago, has Richmond been rendered more memorable than upon this occasion, when every branch of the Confederate and State Governments, with an army of bronzed and hardy heroes, and the whole city pouring forth its living tribute, aged and young of both sexes, joined in the pageant and gave it all the imposing grandeur which sympathy, sorrow, love and admiration united, could bestow.

In accordance with arrangements made Monday, the procession was formed upon Capitol square, at 10 o'clock, stretching along Monument Avenue from the Governor's mansion, out upon Grace street, and consisted of the following civil and military bodies:

Public guard, with armory band, followed by the 19th and 55th Virginia Infantry, Major Wren's battalion of cavalry, and the Richmond Lafayette artillery, all preceded by a full band.

Hearse drawn by four white horses, appropriately caparisoned; the hearse draped and planned, and the coffin wrapped and decorated with flowers.

Pall-bearers, consisting of the Staff of the lamented Hero, and several other officers of high rank, wearing the insignia of mourning.

Carriages, containing—first, His Excellency the President, and the family of the deceased, followed by personal friends and distinguished admirers; various chiefs of Departments, State and Confederate; civil, military and judicial; the Mayor of the city and members of Council.

On either side, and in the rear, an immense throng of ladies and gentlemen,

children, servants and soldiers, mingled ready to move along with the procession. The banners were draped with crape, and the swords of the military officials were draped at the hilt. The artillery bore the sad insignia; the arms of the infantry were reversed; the drums were muffled; and at the given hour a gun stationed beneath the monument boomed forth the signal for motion.

General George W. Randolph, Chief Marshal of the ceremony, proceeded to the front, and the cavalcade moved slowly out upon Governor street, through the Mansion Gate. The bells of the city commenced tolling, and soon a melancholy dirge swelled forth in moving tones from the leading corps of musicians. The procession passed down Governor to Main street, turning up the latter, and proceeded as far as Second street. The streets were crowded with people; stores were closed. As the pageant moved along, from many windows floated flags draped in mourning. The flags upon the public buildings remained, as on Monday, at half-mast. The scene on Main street was beyond adequate description, so impressive, so beautiful, so full of stirring associations, blending with the martial dirges of the bands, the gleam of musket, rifle, and sabre drawn, the sheen of black cannon, thousands of throbbing hearts, and the soul of sorrow that mantled over all. From Second street, through which the procession partly passed, it wheeled into Grace street, down which it returned to Capitol square, entering by Monument Gate. At different stages of the obsequies the cannon, which remained stationed at the foot of this monument, pealed out in tones of thunder, which heightened the effect of the tolling bells, the solemn music, and the grand display.

The hearse being drawn up in front of the Capitol, the coffin was removed to the Hall of the House of Representatives, where it was laid in state in front of the Speaker's seat. Thousands crowded into the building, many bearing splendid bouquets, with which to adorn the coffin; and at night hundreds were turned away, after hours of fruitless efforts, without seeing the face of the beloved departed warrior. The remains will be sent to Lexington this morning. All the Courts in Richmond passed resolutions, of respect to the memory of Jackson, and adjourned to attend the ceremonies.

## GEN. MCLELLAN ON STONEWALL JACKSON.

The New York Herald reports the conversation of Gen. McClellan with a deputation from Washington City, conveying complimentary resolutions. We quote from the report:

Some one asked if there was any doubt about the death of Stonewall Jackson.—Gen. McClellan replied that he thought not, and expressed himself much grieved at the event. "No one," said he, "can help admiring a man like Jackson. He was sincere, and true, and valiant. Yet no one has disappointed me more than he has. Jackson was one of my classmates, and at college never promised to be the man he has proved himself. He was always very slow, and acquired a lesson only after great labor. And yet his determination was so great that he never gave anything up until he succeeded. His character seems to have changed since, for he has exhibited great celerity in all his movements, while in command of rebel forces."

"I suppose," remarked a gentleman, "Jackson was the ablest General in the South."

"He is undoubtedly a great loss to the rebels," replied Gen. McClellan. "Lee is perhaps the most able commander they have, and Jackson was the best executive officer."

The conversation next turned on the famous flight of President Lincoln from Harrisburg to Washington, and the state of the national Capital at the time of the inauguration. Gen. McClellan, in reply to various questions, stated that at the time referred to he did not think there was much danger either to the person of President Lincoln or to the Capital. Since then he had, however, obtained information which led him to believe that there really was a conspiracy to seize the person of Lincoln, and also to gain possession of Washington. Had either event occurred, the effect might have changed the whole character of events, and resulted in the Southern conspirators becoming the *de facto* Government. Possession of the national Capital, he thought, would have given the rebels a moral force equal to three hundred thousand men.

A gentleman inquired if there would be any impropriety in asking whether the rumor that Gen. McClellan has tendered his resignation to the President was true or false.

The General promptly answered:—"The rumor has not the slightest foundation in fact."

Some years ago, Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced for his text: "In my Father's house are many mansions."

He had scarcely commenced, when an old coon stood up in the congregation, and said:

"I tell you, folks, that's a lie. I know his father well. He lives sixteen miles from Lexington, in Kentucky, in an old cabin, and there ain't but one room in the d-d old cabin."



# REPORTER.

J. S. SPIDEL, EDITOR.

## CITY OF HENDERSON:

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1863.

### TERMS:

One copy six months, \$1 00  
One copy one year, 2 00  
Clubs of five, one year, \$1 75 each.  
Clubs of ten, one year, 1 50 each.  
Clubs of twenty, and one to person sending club, 1 50 each.

### BLANKS! BLANKS!

We have on hand, printed on excellent paper—

Magistrate's Executions,  
Summonses,  
Constable's Replevin Bonds,  
and are prepared to print to order, on short notice, legal blanks of every description.

### THE NEWS FROM VICKSBURG.

The daily papers for several days have had quite a variety of dispatches in regard to the late battles at Vicksburg and in the rear of that stronghold. The announcement was made that the city had fallen, and complete control of the Mississippi had been consequently secured. The latest news up to the hour of going to press, however, does not confirm the statement. News from Southern sources is to the effect that Gen. Grant had been repulsed in three assaults upon the Confederate defenses. We gather from what we have seen, that the Confederates have been closely pressed, suffered several defeats, lost heavily, and have determined on a desperate resistance in the city itself, while General Johnston busies himself in Gen. Grant's rear. With the advantages secured by the Federals, the situation is a desperate one for the Confederates. No half way measures will do. They must either whip Grant's army or Vicksburg must succumb to the power of the Federal arms.

GO TO THE SUPPER.—The ladies of the Presbyterian Church will give a supper at Woodruff Hall on Wednesday evening next, June 3d. They will have everything done up in their accustomed superb style. The proceeds are to be devoted to the benefit of the church. No better place to spend a few pleasant hours and a small surplus of pocket change can be found. The object is praiseworthy and the supper will be—well, go and see if you don't think it excellent. The ladies who have the management of this affair will spare no effort to make everything agreeable to those in attendance.—Again we say, go to the supper. Go down and invest a green-back.

There will be a meeting of Ministers and Deacons at Barren Meeting-House, in this county, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday next. A good attendance is expected.

The steamer Liberty No. 2 will be at our wharf on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, on her swift, winding way to Louisville. The popular Captain Archer is in command, with Geo. O. Hart at the desk. See card in another column.

The partnership of Norris & Starling has been dissolved. See notice.

Enterprise and industry cannot fail to secure success. As an instance of the truth of this proposition, we point to the establishment of P. L. Geissler & Co., Evansville, Ind. They have built up a reputation that ranks them among the most successful and reliable jewelers in the west. They advertise liberally and do a liberal business generally.

DANCING.—As people will dance, it is right and proper for them to thoroughly understand the various evolutions of the light fantastic toe. Prof. G. W. Swann proposes to commence a series of lessons in calisthenics, at Woodruff Hall, on the 9th of June. Quite a number of names are already listed. For particulars, see the Professor's card.

We have neglected to acknowledge the receipt of the May number of Frank Leslie's Monthly. The Monthly has been greatly improved in many respects, and presents unusual attractions. It is one of the largest and best magazines published. Price, 25 cents per number, or \$3 per annum. Published at 19 City Hall Square, N. Y.

We have not received the June number. What is the matter, Mr. Leslie?

If any body has the audacity to think that ice-cool ale and beer, at Charlie Duckworth's, ain't first-rate these warm times, let him go and try it.

The Kentucky Yeoman, published in Frankfort, has suspended publication for the present on account of the hard times.

The June number of Godey's Lady's Book is at hand, presenting the usual attractions.

### Gov. Seymour on the Case of Mr. Vallandigham.

We find the following in the reported proceedings of a meeting held in Albany, N. Y., to protest against the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham:

Peter Cagney, Esq., stated that among the distinguished gentlemen invited to address the meeting, was His Excellency Governor Seymour. Unfortunately, His Excellency could not attend, but he had sent a letter, which he (Mr. C.) would read:

EXECUTIVE DEPT., STATE OF NEW YORK,  
May 16, 1863.

I can not attend the meeting at the capital this evening, but I wish to state my opinion in regard to the arrest of Vallandigham. It is an act which has brought dishonor upon our country. It is full of danger to our persons and homes; it bears upon its front conscious violation of law and justice.

Acting upon evidence of detailed informers, the transaction involved a series of offenses against our most sacred rights. It interfered with the freedom of speech. It violated our right to be secure in our homes against unreasonable searches and seizures, and it pronounced sentence without trials save one which was a mockery, which insulted as well as wronged. The perpetrators now seek to impose punishment, not for offense against law, but for a disregard of invalid orders put forth in utter disregard of principles of civil liberty. If this proceeding is approved by the Government and sanctioned by the people, it is not merely a step toward revolution—it is a revolution. It will not only lead to military despotism—it establishes military despotism. In this aspect it must be accepted, or in this aspect rejected.

If it is upheld, our liberties are overthrown. The safety of our persons and property will hereafter depend upon the arbitrary will of such military rulers as may be placed over us, while our constitutional guarantees will be broken down.—Even now the Governors and Courts of some of the great Western States have sunk into insignificance before the despotic powers claimed and exercised by military men who have been sent into their borders.

It is a fearful thing to increase the dangers which now overhang us, by threatening the law, judiciary and the State authorities with contempt. The people of this country now wait with the deepest anxiety, the decision of the Administration upon these acts. Having given it a generous support in the conduct of the war, we pause to see what kind of Government it is, for which we are asked to pour out our blood and treasure.

The action of the Administration will determine in the minds of more than one-half of the people of the loyal States, whether this war is waged to put down rebellion at the South, or destroy free institutions at the North.

We look for its decision with most solemn solicitude.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

For the Henderson Reporter.

Ma. Editor: Allow me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to draw attention to the conduct of some parties in Henderson, which is certainly of the most reprehensible character. I refer to the desecration of the tombs in the cemetery. It is a fact that a shrub or flower cannot be planted over the ashes of those who sleep, without some miserable wretches remove or otherwise mutilate it. It is a shame to a civilized community that such wretches exist in its midst. Some of them have already been detected, but begged not to be exposed. Since then the business of desecration has not been stopped. Others, or the same parties, are still engaged in it.

It is to be hoped that the proper authorities will see to this matter, and, if possible, detect those who so far forget the duties of humanity that they will even enter the sacred precincts of the dead for the purpose of plundering and stealing.

Yours, &c.,

CITIZEN.

### GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 10.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES,  
Henderson, Ky., May 20.

All negroes coming into the District of Western Kentucky, from States south of Tennessee, and all negroes who have been employed in the service of rebels in arms, are declared captives of war.

It is ordered by the General commanding the District, that all such negroes in the counties of Hancock, Davies, McLean, Henderson, Union, Crittenden, Livingston, Lyon, Caldwell, Webster and Hopkins, be collected at Henderson, furnished quarters and subsistence, and held subject to the orders of the District Commander.

Captain James F. St. Clair, 65th Regiment Indiana Mounted Infantry, is especially charged with the execution of this Order, and all commanding officers of Posts and Stations of this command are enjoined to render him all necessary facilities, and to assist in its enforcement.

All persons running any such negroes from the limits of this command, or attempting in any way to prevent or evade the execution of this Order, will, under orders of the Major-General Commanding the Department, be arrested and sent to District Headquarters for punishment.

By order of Col. JOHN W. FOSTER.  
W. A. PAGE, A. A. G.

PARDONED.—Albert Horn has been pardoned by President Lincoln, having been convicted in the United States Court at New York upon the charge of fitting out a vessel for the purpose of engaging in the slave trade.

### ITEMS.

BT. "THINKS-TO-ITSELF-WHO?"

The time for the conscription act to be enforced is approaching, and "shoulder the musket," will be the watchword of Americans from the fiery unapprehensive youth of twenty to the "tall man, brawn and brown," of forty-five. Its influence reaches all classes, from the merchant prince to the lowest male prostitute—it touches the frowning palace of opulence and the humble hovel of poverty. From where Atlantic laves the Plymouth Rock to the Union States of the great West, the omniscient arm of the law will contend in fistic superiority with stubborn reluctance. Its power may be felt all over the country, and many of Southern sympathies will cross the briny wave and perhaps be involved in the ocean that threatens to engulf the old world in a deluge of war. The war-cloud lowers o'er half its principalities and kingdoms, and at any moment may burst in booming thunder, whilst kings and potentates go down in the general wreck and be gobbled up in the vortex of ruin. "Waik snax."

Last Saturday being a beautiful day we asserted our high prerogative of attending Samuel Harris' concert at Zion. A large concourse of people were in attendance. The concert commenced at two o'clock, and held three hours.—Several "Clubs" of singers, independent of the class, participated in the exercises. Altogether it was a grand affair, a sweet blending of silvery sounds went up in volumes of symphonies, reminding one of a cascade of Kioh-i-noors flashing and glistening in the genial sunlight of song. We missed a Contralto voice in the class that gladdened its presence the week before—she who of yore tuned her lyre, and made melody in the soul—who now no more treads the sempervirent paths that wind in sweet Parnassian shades, or drinks from the bubbling fount of Poesy—we mean Emma St. Pierre. We do all, including ourselves, the justice to say that the music was as grand as the finest tones from a fractured cow-bell, or the soothing strains from a cross-cut saw running over a rusty nail, yet when the last song had died away, we stood like Cornucopia on the banks of Burnampooter, wishing for more.

As an instance of the low inhumanity of some things in this community, we see that some archetype of Satan, with all the infernal malignity characterizing his leader, feloniously killed a fine cow belonging to Rev. D. H. Deacon.—Mr. Deacon has always been a quiet, unassuming man and we did not suppose he had an enemy in the world. A man who would thus shoot a brute has no intuitive idea of a God, and is meaner than the skunk that crawls at his feet and sends forth his fetid discharge.

Mirabile Dictu! One of our city clerks caught himself in rather a precarious situation the other night. Going to bed in the second story, he was soon peacefully sleeping, dreaming, perhaps, of two bright eyes. Awakening up late in the night, he found to his horror that, in a fit of somnambulism, he had suspended himself out of the window, and was tightly grasping the window-sill. Being perfectly exhausted he dropped in the street insensible. A gentleman picked him up and carried him back. We are glad none of his injuries were of a serious character.

The marriage season is not as brisk as it used to be last winter. We saw a disconsolate lover not long since, lamenting in lugubrious converse, the well-attested fact. Said he: "A town that has for its population so many virgins and women can not take one fellow in out of the wet, ought to be hurled into the fathomless depths of infinitesimal ubiquity." We consoled him with the old phrase of "good fish in the sea as ever were caught out," told him to show no outward manifestation of sorrow, but put on a smooth face, and hit at her sarcastically,—thus:—

"The sky is clear and bright, love,  
And all is bliss but me,  
I can't shed a tear, love,  
But if I had an onion, and some snuff, and some tobacco, I think I could re-ure."

Go on, Jeems, may thy future be as pregnant with happiness as a bloated bull-frog—and when you drop down the stair-steps of life, may you (confound that musquito) never be troubled in your delectable pleasures by musquitoes, gnats, and other animalcule. Long corns and short shoes to all who oppose him.

Thanks to Miss "B. J. M." for a quantity of delicious strawberries. The "passing away" of all things earthly was solemnly attested as we crammed down the strawberries. What a beautiful analogy, we thought, is between Death and the act of eating strawberries. Now, that fallow across the street that looks so greedily on its Death, the mortal body is the strawberries. As he rapidly advances the strawberries rapidly diminish, as

man's bodily strength diminishes by years—but before Death comes across the street the strawberries have flown, and here the analogy ceases. Whether the fair sender will derive any practical benefit from this graphic picture we cannot tell. May sorrow cast no shadow on her Parian brow, so full of intellect's gold. May her smiles be more angelically bright, as they wreath on her virtuous lips, at any new phase of human character, we poorly attempt to portray, and her genius-lighted mind swell with deeper thought, as she reads on in life's page.

Several rascally boys broke the fence around Mr. Ira Delano's residence, and going in, tore up the strawberry vines, eat all the berries, and then decamped. Henderson should have a House of Refuge for all such miserable scamps. The same boys have broken in and stolen articles from houses in the city, and neither one of them has yet arrived at the age of puberty, yet can "crack a crib" as well as a skillful burglar. We will say to these young epitomes of men, that the eye of Justice is upon them, and the culprit who shrinks not from its gaze must either be an idiot, or as green as the fronting of Ira Delano's Drug Store.

Fifty-two prisoners were sent to Johnson's Island from this place.—Among the number whose faces were familiar were Major John P. Thompson, of Owensboro, and Jack Allen and George Johnson of this place.

We understand that another Beer Brewery is about to commence in this city. Friend Harris, resurrect the "Star," and try your "squelching" powers again.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian church propose to give a supper on the evening of June 3d, at Woodruff Hall. Hope all will have a jolly time.

### BY TELEGRAPH.

Special Despatch to the Louisville Journal.

MURFREESBORO, May 22.

C. L. Vallandigham arrived here last night at 10 o'clock by special train from Nashville. He was placed under a strong guard at the Provost Marshal's quarters, and kept until 3 o'clock this morning.—He was then placed in a carriage, accompanied by Maj. Wiles, Provost Marshal, Col. McKibben, Lieut.-Col. Ducat, and Capt. Goodwin, and under guard of two companies of the 4th Regular Cavalry, driven to a house in the vicinity of our extreme outpost, and detained until daylight. Under flag of truce the party then went forward until they came in sight of the enemy's pickets. Major Wiles and Colonel McKibben here rode forward and were escorted to the presence of the officer in charge of the pickets, to whom the object of their visit was made known and the request made that he would receive the prisoner. After a parley of some length, during which the Colonel commanding the rebel pickets declined to receive the prisoner and afterwards consented, the two officers rode back to the conveyance which they then conducted some distance within the rebel lines and delivered their prisoner to the guards.—Vallandigham remarked to the guards, asking the attention at the same time of the Federal officers: "I am a citizen of Ohio, United States of America, and sent within your lines against my will, and hope you will receive me as your prisoner." The officer received him as a citizen to be dealt with by the authorities at Shelbyville, to whom he promised to send him at the earliest convenience.

There was a spirited skirmish between the pickets on the left last night. The firing was very rapid for awhile. No casualties on our side are reported.

The Chattanooga Rebel of the 21st contains a scathing reply from Gen. Breckinridge to the reflections cast upon him by Gen. Bragg in his official report of the Stone River battles. He asks for a court of inquiry at the earliest possible moment.

NEW YORK, May 24.—The Herald's special Washington dispatch says advice from Gen. Grant, received by the President to-night, detail his proceedings up to the 20th. He had fought five battles, captured 64 guns, and taken 9,400 prisoners.

The Montgomery Advertiser, of the 18th, says in relation to the fight at Jackson:—  
Our troops were commanded by Johnston. We were finally driven back to Jackson, and fought them through the streets till overpowered by greatly superior numbers, and were compelled to evacuate the city. The enemy's forces amount to about 20,000 or 30,000, and our own to only 9,000. Gen. Johnston then retreated to Canton. The enemy's cavalry was yesterday at Brandon, on the Southern road, twenty odd miles from this point. We had a force to protect the road.

The Richmond Enquirer of the 20th has the following in relation to Vicksburg:—  
If some happy combination be not made between the forces under Pemberton and Johnston, the heroic city may possibly fall.

The Times' army correspondence of the 23d states that news received from the enemy's lines says that Pemberton has been defeated between Jackson and Vicksburg with heavy loss in killed and wounded, and 3,000 prisoners, as well as one division of his forces cut off and retreating in a southerly direction. Johnson attacked the Federal force in

Jackson, which retreated on the main body.

Pemberton also attacked Grant, but was whipped, and retreated upon Vicksburg.

This is said to be the contents of a despatch from Pemberton to Lee.

The Richmond Sentinel of the 19th contains an article arguing against the receipt of men sent South by President Lincoln, and says "we must require of all who are received that they join their efforts with ours against the common enemy. They must assume our allegiance and its duties."

The Richmond Dispatch of the 22d says: Gov. Shorter, of Alabama, has demanded, under the order of the President, all the officers taken in Alabama found serving with armed slaves by Gen. Forrest.

The Savannah Republican of the 18th expresses apprehension of another invasion of Georgia. It says one despatch announces the marching of 7,000 to 8,000 Yankees upon Rome, in this State. No particulars are given of their whereabouts, only an assurance that preparations are being made to meet and repel them.

NEW YORK, May 26.—A Murfreesboro special of the 25th to the Herald, says that the rebels assert that Grant has been beaten, but give no particulars. This is probably a canard.

A Washington special to the World says our correspondent with Grant's army arrived to-day from Richmond, after two or three weeks' stay in the Southern States. Only about 15,000 men were at Vicksburg when he left. Gens. Loring and Forney commanded the corps there. At Montgomery he met Joe Johnston and 6,000 troops from Savannah to reinforce Pemberton.

There are no forces in the interior of the Confederacy. The railroads are in bad condition. The strength of the rebel army may be put down at 300,000 men, half of whom are in Middle Tennessee and Virginia.

The Times' dispatch says it is rumored that General Butler is to be assigned to the command of the Department of the Ohio, Burnside asking to be relieved.

No credit is given by the authorities to the rumor that the rebels are preparing for another invasion of Kentucky.

The Secretary of War says within six months we shall have 200,000 negro troops in the field.

The Herald's dispatch says a there is some trouble over the probable destination of Burnside. He will shortly arrive here to try and settle the matter.

The World's dispatch says the Richmond dispatches of the 23d put no faith in the speakers at the Vallandigham meeting in New York. It says Gov. Seymour and Hunt, are no better than Sumner and Chase, and may not be so good—not even as good as Burnside.

The Enquirer has no sympathy with Vallandigham, and says he ought at once to be sent beyond our lines.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—The Richmond Enquirer of May 21 is received. It contains the following:

"MOBILE, May 19.—The special reporter of the Advertiser and Register, under date of the 18th inst., at Jackson, Mississippi, furnishes the following particulars of Saturday's fight, received from the Adjutant of the Thirtieth Mississippi Regiment, from Canton, last night:—  
"The battle was fought at Baker's Creek, about twenty miles west of Jackson. We whipped the enemy badly until he was reinforced from Jackson. General Pemberton then fell back to the Big Black River bridge. General Pemberton estimates our loss at three thousand, and that of the enemy at three times many. General Loring on the left, was cut off, but his way through to Crystal Spring, twenty-five miles south of Jackson."

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The following official details of the battle of Black River Bridge have been received:—  
IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, May 20—6 A. M.  
E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:  
General Grant won a great and momentous victory over the rebels under Pemberton, on the Jackson and Vicksburg Railroad, at Baker's Creek, on the 16th inst. Pemberton had a most formidable position on the crest of a wooded hill, over which the road passes longitudinally. He had about 25,000 men. The battle began about eleven o'clock A. M., and was gained at four P. M. The brunt was borne by Hovey's division of McClernand's corps, and Logan's and Crocker's divisions of McPherson's corps. Hovey attacked the hill and held the greater part of it till two o'clock P. M., when, having lost 1,600 men, he was succeeded by Boomer's and Holmes' brigades of Crocker's division, by which the conflict was ended in that part of the field. Boomer lost 500 men. Logan operated on the right, and cut off the enemy's direct retreat so that he was compelled to escape by his right flank through the woods. Logan lost 400 killed and wounded. We took about 2,000 prisoners.

On the 17th, advancing to the Big Black, we fought Pemberton, at the bridge there, and captured 3,000 more prisoners. He fought in rifle-pits, protected by a difficult bayou full of abatis. Lawler's brigade of McClernand's corps charged the rifle-pits magnificently, and took more prisoners than their own numbers.

Pemberton burned the bridge, and retired to Vicksburg, with only three cannon out of sixty that he had taken out. Building four bridges over the Big Black, General Grant arrived before the town on the evening of the 18th, and holds it closely invested. He had opened a line of supplies via Chickasaw Bayou, having cut the town off from Haines' Bluff, which is abandoned by the enemy, and which General Grant will occupy.—There was sharp fighting throughout the day yesterday. Steele won and holds the

upper bluffs and the enemy's upper batteries, and gets water from the Mississippi.

Sherman's corps lost yesterday 500 killed and wounded. McPherson, who holds the center, lost little, as did McClernand, who holds the left.

The gunboats kept the enemy alert during the night, and probably the town will be carried to-day. There are from 15,000 to 21,000 men of Pemberton's army in it.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—The following has just been received at the War Department:

"MEMPHIS, May 23, 1863.

I forward the following just received from Colonel John A. Rawlings, Assistant Adjutant General in the rear of Vicksburg, May 20: The army of Tennessee landed at Berninsburg on the 30th of April. On the first of May we fought the battle of Port Gibson, and defeated the rebels under General Bowen, whose loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was at least fifteen hundred and fifty, and loss in artillery five pieces.

"On the 12th of May, at the battle of Raymond, the rebels were defeated with a loss of eight hundred.

"On the 14th of May we defeated General Joseph E. Johnston, and captured Jackson, with a loss to the enemy of 400, besides immense stores and manufactures, and 17 pieces of artillery. On the 16th of May we fought the bloody and decisive battle at Baker's Creek, in which the entire force of Vicksburg, under General Pemberton, was defeated, with a loss of 29 pieces of artillery and 4,000 men. On the 17th of May we defeated the same force at the Big Black River Bridge, with the loss of 2,600 men and 17 pieces of artillery.

"On the 18th of May, we invested Vicksburg closely. To-day General Steele carried the rifle-pits on the north of the city. The right of the army rests on the Mississippi above Vicksburg. [Signed] "J. A. RAWLINGS.

"A. A. G.

"P. S.—I learn further that there are from 15,000 to 20,000 men in Vicksburg, and that Pemberton has lost nearly all his field artillery, and that the cannonading at Vicksburg closed about 3 P. M., on the 20th of May. General Grant has captured nearly all."

WASHINGTON, May 26.—The following was received this morning at the Navy Department:

OFF NEWPORT NEWS, May 26, A. M.  
To the Secretary of the Navy:—

The Richmond Examiner of the 25th has the following:

"MOBILE, May 23.—A special dispatch to the Advertiser and Register, from Jackson yesterday, says: Heavy firing was heard in the direction of Vicksburg this morning. It is reported and believed in official circles that the enemy assaulted the works at Vicksburg, on Wednesday. Snyder's Bluff has been evacuated.

"A courier reports that Yazoo City was captured by the federals, and the Navy Yard burned by the rebel troops.

"An officer from Vicksburg reports that Grant has been whipped back."

LATER.

"The enemy has made three desperate assaults on Vicksburg and been repulsed. "Some official information has been received of the capture of Helena, Ark., by Gen. Price.

"A letter from Jackson, dated May 19th, says:—

"Gen. Johnston this morning threw from 10,000 to 12,000 men over the Big Black into Vicksburg.

"An official dispatch from Gen. Johnston, dated May 23d, says an officer who left Vicksburg on Tuesday reports an assault on the Yazoo Road near General Pemberton's entrenchments had been repulsed."

[Signed] S. P. LEE.  
Acting Rear Admiral.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—The following has been received at Headquarters of the army here:

MEMPHIS, May 23, 8 A. M.

To Maj. Gen. Halleck:

The steamer Luminary is just up from Vicksburg, but brings no official dispatches. The Ordnance officer, Lyford, writes May 23d. Our loss is not very heavy for the position we have gained.—The rebels make firm resistance. I think we shall have the place to-morrow.

S. A. HURLBUT, Maj. Gen.

PHILADELPHIA, May 26.—The Washington Star says of the New York Tribune's report of the capture of the whole rebel army at Vicksburg, that facts within our knowledge satisfy us that it is entirely unfounded.

NEW YORK, May 26.—The Herald's Murfreesboro dispatch says:—  
Indications are that large bodies of rebel cavalry are going southward. Breckinridge's forces have fallen back, and there are now no rebel troops between Murfreesboro and Manchester.

The rebels say that Grant has been defeated but give no particulars.

NEW YORK, May 22.—The steamer Relief, from New Orleans 5th and Key west 13th, has arrived.

A Newbern letter of the 10th inst., states that our dispatch boats which have been running to Norfolk by the Albemarle and Chesapeake canal were captured on the 15th inst. by rebel guerrillas and both vessels carried up the Blackwater. Two corn laden schooners were captured at the same time. This cuts off all internal communication with the North from Newbern. A flag of truce boat to Swansboro reports indications that quite a large rebel force is at that place.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 22.—The Medical College, lately used as a Government hospital, was entirely destroyed by fire at noon to-day. Loss nearly \$90,000. The sick were safely removed.



New York, May 22.—Bermuda advices of the 5th give a rumor that Semmes has resigned his command of the Alabama to the first officer and taken command of a fine Confederate ship, mounting twenty-two guns.

The schooner Sunny South, at Bermuda, reported on the 24th of April, in lat. 27 deg. long. 71, she passed the wreck of a vessel, bottom up, the previous day, and saw several chests of tea, and picked up one chest, the contents of which were spoiled by salt water. It is surmised that the wreck was the remains of some homeward-bound East Indian, destroyed by the Alabama.

It is rumored at Bermuda that the home Government is about to strengthen its defenses.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Up to noon no official confirmation of the fall of Vicksburg is received here.

DAYTON, Ohio, May 26.—Yesterday morning Sergeant Swigert, while passing through the woods in Beaver Creek township, Green county, was fired upon by some persons unknown, one ball grazing his ear and another going through his hat. Swigert retreated in good order and reported to Major Heath, Provost Marshal of this county, under whose orders he was acting. A squad of cavalry was sent to the neighborhood of this affair and six persons arrested as hostages and brought to this city this morning. They will be held until some clue is obtained which will lead to the arrest of the guilty parties.

Van Dorn's Death.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Enquirer.] CHATTANOOGA, May 12.—A gentleman just from Spring Hill, in Maury County, gives me some particulars in regard to the death of Van Dorn. The facts are singularly tragic, and in time of peace would create a national furor. The crowded condition of the great war canvass, however, will distract the public eye from a quiet domestic melodrama.

Since taking up his quarters at Spring Hill, Van Dorn has been upon terms of criminal intimacy with Mrs. Dr. Peters. She was a Miss McKissick—youthful, handsome and intelligent. Her family is one of the highest respectability, and considerable wealth. Her husband has been one of the most esteemed citizens—an amiable man, a member of the State Senate, and a heavy planter. A brother, Major Peters, is chief Quartermaster to General Polk. The pair have been married (second marriage on the part of the gentleman) for about five years.

On the day of the occurrence Dr. Peters called upon Van Dorn and obtained a pass to go to Nashville. Van Dorn gave it readily, doubtless feeling glad to get rid of a disagreeable and dangerous incumbrance. They were alone together in an upper room, and it is supposed that Peters shot from back of Van Dorn's head, which was split in twain by the bullet. The report was not heard, however, and Peters mounted his horse, rode away, crossed the lines with the pass previously obtained, and entered Nashville. He has been, I learn, received with marks of distinguished welcome.

The body of Van Dorn was coffined and sent off for interment. Mrs. Peters has returned to her own family.

These are the facts, hard and dry. Rumors of the conduct of Van Dorn, not only in this instance, but in others near Columbia, have been prevalent for some time. Without doubt he has acted very badly. My informant tells me that he has degraded the cause and disgusted every one by his inattention to his duties and his constant devotion to the ladies, and that to the exclusion of all else. Wine and women have ruined him, as they have ruined many another brilliant but reckless man.

That Van Dorn was a man of daring genius there can be no doubt. Being handsome, with dark, flashing eyes, a magnificent mustache, a superb rider, showy address, quick-witted, and graceful, he was also a man of sagacious foresight, keen, intelligent, but was wholly and thoroughly unreliable. He always sacrificed his business to his pleasure. He was never at his post when he ought to be. He was either tied to a woman's apron-strings or heated with wine.

From the Richmond Whig, May 18. The Enemy at the Capital of Mississippi.

Affairs have become very critical in the South-west. Grant's army have taken possession of the capital of Mississippi, the city of Jackson. This, besides being of itself a painful and disastrous event, places the enemy in the rear of Vicksburg, and cuts off supplies from that place. A battle, or an evacuation and retreat, must immediately ensue. Grant, by coming so far inland, loses all support from the navy, and exposes his communication to interruption. The move is a bold one, and must be made to cost him dearly, or it will cost us dearly. Affairs look ugly for the present; but luckily for the country, a General in whom all have confidence (Joe Johnston) has reached the theater of interest, and if the force which he can bring into action is what we have been led to suppose, it will be equally singular and deplorable if a few days, perhaps hours, do not give an entirely different aspect of affairs. We await intelligence with anxiety, relieved by strong hope.

EXEMPTIONS UNDER THE CONSCRIPTION LAW.—The New York Tribune states that the Hon. William Whiting, Solicitor of the War Department, contradicts the report "that the \$300 clause in the conscription is to be set aside." A special dispatch to the Times says: "It is understood that Attorney General Bates holds that the construction of the Conscription Law relieving the Secretary of War from the necessity of accepting \$300 in lieu of service from drafted

persons is not warranted by the language of the act. Should the President refer the question to him, therefore, it is believed that the common understanding of the \$300 clause will be sustained by his decision.—New York Tribune, 21st.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, who is with General Grant's army, thus explodes the starvation theory at the South:

As to there being any thing like scarcity of food here, hoot at the idea. One planter will plow under 200 acres of un-gathered corn to plant cotton.

The only reason that you hear the cry is that Virginia and the Carolinas and Tennessee have been run over by marching armies, who have eaten them out, and the railways are kept busy transporting troops and munitions of war, having no time to attend to the carrying of provisions. It costs nothing hardly to march through this country: mules and horses are plenty, cattle in abundance, and equal to those that Joseph dreamed of.

LOUISVILLE MARKETS.

LOUISVILLE, May 25.—The markets today are not very active, though a fair business is doing. Monetary matters are very quiet, and will remain unsteady until the news of Gen. Grant's success is either confirmed or contradicted. We quote gold to-day 1 1/2 cent lower. 45. We quote the buying rate of silver at 32 1/2 cent. Demand notes buying at 44 1/2 cent. The bankers buy Kentucky notes at 2 cent, and Indiana notes at 1 1/2 cent premium. We quote the notes of the three old banks of Tennessee at 15 1/2 cent discount. Government certificates of indebtedness are bought at 99 1/2 cent. Southern currency is quoted at 50 cent discount. Eastern exchange in demand at 1 1/2 cent discount buying, and par 1/2 premium selling. Canada money 35 1/2 cent.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—Flour nominal, with light sales at \$6 23 1/2 to 50 for extra family, and 5 50 to 55 for superfine. Sales 1,000 bushels wheat at \$1 05 1/2 to 1 10 for red and white. We quote corn at 65 1/2 cent for ear and shelled. Sales of rye at 65 cts. Oats are dull at 55 cents, from wagons. Barley at \$1 30 to 1 40. Sales shipstuffs at \$20 1/2 to 21, shorts at \$17, and bran at \$13.

PROVISIONS.—Market dull and nothing. Old mess pork nominal at \$9; new at \$13 1/2 to 50. Bulk meats dull at 4c for shoulders, 5c for sides, and 6c for hams. No demand for bacon, except for hams, which are selling in lots at 7 1/2 c for country, 9c for plain carcase loose, and 10 1/2 c for sugar cured. Shoulders and sides are nominal at 4 1/2 to 5 1/2. No transactions in lard worthy of notice.

GROCERIES.—Unchanged; sales sugar in hds at 13 1/2 to 13 3/4; yellow in bbls at 13 1/2 to 14; crushed and refined sugar at 16 1/2 to 16 3/4, a few barrels old New York molasses at 65c, and new at 70c. Sales Rio coffee at 32 1/2 to 33 1/2.

COTTON YARNS.—Declined. Sales of No. 500 at 45 1/2 to 47c. Cotton twine 80c to 85c.

WHISKY.—Light sales at 41 1/2 to 42c per gallon.

TOWNS.—Sales of 119 hds, at \$8 1/2 to 9 1/2, at 9 1/2 to 10 1/2, at 10 1/2 to 11 1/2, at 11 1/2 to 12 1/2, at 12 1/2 to 13 1/2, at 13 1/2 to 14 1/2, at 14 1/2 to 15 1/2, at 15 1/2 to 16 1/2, at 16 1/2 to 17 1/2, at 17 1/2 to 18 1/2, at 18 1/2 to 19 1/2, at 19 1/2 to 20 1/2, at 20 1/2 to 21 1/2, at 21 1/2 to 22 1/2, at 22 1/2 to 23 1/2, at 23 1/2 to 24 1/2, at 24 1/2 to 25 1/2, at 25 1/2 to 26 1/2, at 26 1/2 to 27 1/2, at 27 1/2 to 28 1/2, at 28 1/2 to 29 1/2, at 29 1/2 to 30 1/2.

OBITUARY.

Died, after a short illness, at the residence of her mother near this city, on Saturday, May 23d, Miss ELIZA TAYLOR aged 14 years.

This all-wise, though sorrowful and mysterious dispensation of Providence, has removed from our midst one whose generous and kind disposition endeared her to those who knew her best. She was a young girl of great delicacy of character, ever ready to seek the good of those around her. She hath now entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God; and we deeply sympathize with her afflicted mother and numerous friends.

Oh, Death! thou art cruel, Thy demands seem unjust; But how in submission We frail mortals must.

A FRIEND.

DIED

On the 28th of April, 1863, of pneumonia near Selma, Tenn., Mr. SHERWOOD S. HICKS, formerly a resident of this city. Aged 21 years 1 month and 21 days.

He has fallen asleep, leaving many to mourn his loss. Thus young, he had won to his side many warm friends who will mourn with his distressed family over his early death. A wife, and two children, have had the light of joy dimmed by the shadow of the grave, and while many will be called to mourn, none will feel the bitterness of parting like the wife and children who had proved his love. We do not say, weep not, for that were idle; but we would say, trust God and meet once more in Heaven.

P.

Candidates' Department.

We are authorized to announce Col. JOHN H. McFARLANE, Jr., as a candidate for Congress in the 2d Congressional District.

We are authorized to announce Major W. R. KINNEY, of Henderson, as a candidate for Congress from the 2d District.

DANCING.

GEO. W. SWANN, Professor and Teacher of the art of Dancing, respectfully announces to the citizens of Henderson that his school will be opened in Woodruff Hall on Tuesday, June 9th, for the reception of pupils. The hours of instruction will be on Tuesdays and Thursdays: From 10 o'clock, A. M., for young ladies; from 4 o'clock, P. M., for Masters and Misses, and from 6 to 8 o'clock for young gentlemen. May 28-31

# THE LADIES OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH WILL GIVE A SUPPER

AT WOODRUFF HALL, On Wednesday Evening, June 3d, 1863.

LOUISVILLE AND MEMPHIS U. S. MAIL LINE.

The Elegant Passenger Packet, LIBERTY No. 2, J. B. ARCHER, Master.

GEO. O. HART, Clerk. Will leave Henderson every Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, arriving at Louisville Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Freight and passage to Louisville and Cincinnati and all points on the Ohio, at current rates. May 28, 1863.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

Don't forget to call on them for one of the GREAT AMERICAN WATCHES.

P. S.—Personal attention paid to repairing Fine Watches.

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET, CONSISTING OF FRENCH, ENGLISH AND SWISS WATCHES.

They have also a large and beautiful stock of RINGS, of every conceivable style and pattern, which he will sell CHEAP FOR CASH!

Have now on hand the best and largest stock of JEWELRY AND WATCHES.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Norris & Sterling is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will hereafter be conducted by E. L. Starling, T. L. Norris, and E. L. Starling.

HENDERSON, Ky., May 19, 1863.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to the estate of David DUNN, deceased, by debt or otherwise, are requested to come forward and settle, or to have claims against the same well proved, present their accounts, proven and sworn to, for settlement. R. & A. J. DUNN, Administrators. May 14, '63-4w

STRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN UP as a stray by Mrs. M. J. Sigler, of Henderson county, living 14 miles south of the city of Henderson, one dark bay HORSE, five years old, left hind foot white. No other marks or brands perceptible. Appraised to sixty-five dollars by the undersigned. Given under my hand this 5th day of May, 1863. ISHAM COTTINGHAM, J. P.

May 14th, 1863-4w

ESTRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN UP as a stray by Isaac Handley, of Henderson county, living 13 miles from the city of Henderson, one dark bay MARE, ten years old. No marks or brands perceptible. Appraised to fifty dollars by the undersigned. Given under my hand this 2d day of May, 1863. ISHAM COTTINGHAM, J. P.

May 14, 1863-4w

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL those knowing themselves indebted to the estate of Wm. F. Smith, deceased, are requested to come forward and settle, and all those having claims against the estate are notified to produce them, properly authenticated, before the undersigned, for settlement. D. N. WALDEN, Adm'r. May 21, 1863-4w

COMMITTED

TO the jail of Union county, Ky., on the 1st day of March, 1863, a negro boy calling himself JIM—Black color, about 6 feet high, weight about 175 lbs., 28 years of age; says he belongs to John Litchfield, of Shelby county, Tennessee. The owner will come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, or he will be dealt with according to law. GEO. PARKER, J. U. C.

April 30, 1863-6m

LAND FOR SALE!

ONE of the best farms in Henderson county, on the Owensboro road 1 1/2 miles from Zion Meeting-House; containing upwards of 300 acres, 200 acres cleared, offered for sale. There is a BRICK DWELLING HOUSE on the place; and all necessary out-houses, almost new and in excellent repair—all well guttered. The land is all under the very best fence—There are on the place two never-failing wells, one large cistern, and two good stock ponds. This farm is in the very best repair, and is one of the most desirable in the county.

M. L. HICKS, 21m

HENDERSON, Ky., April 16, 1863.

FAMILY FLOUR.

OF the best brands ALWAYS ON HAND. K. KOLTINSKY.

# OPEN AGAIN!

AT THE OLD POST-OFFICE BUILDING, MAIN STREET, HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

I HAVE JUST ARRIVED IN THE CITY with a new stock of

DRY - GOODS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

CLOTHING,

Bridles and Saddles,

Tinware, Queensware, Hardware and Cutlery,

and a general variety of NOTIONS, &c., &c., which I will sell at the very

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

My Goods were purchased before the recent GREAT ADVANCE in prices, and I am able, therefore, to sell them much cheaper than the present ruling prices. The public generally are invited to an examination of my stock.

A. E. GERHART.

HENDERSON, May 7th, 1863.

D. P. FAULDS' GREAT

PIANO AND MUSIC

WAREHOUSES,

223 Main Street, between Second and Third Streets, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THE largest stock of best Piano Fortes, Harmoniums, Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Drums, Flutes, Banjos, &c., &c., in the West or South.

Violin and Guitar Strings, best quality. Sheet Music and Instruction Books for all instruments.

Every instrument sold from this establishment fully warranted. Prices, wholesale or retail, as low as in any city in the United States. CATALOGUES of Music Publications furnished on application. Music sent by mail free of postage.

Seven Octavo Pianos from \$240 to \$500, fully warranted; Melodeons from \$50 to \$200; Harmoniums from \$35 to \$400.

D. P. FAULDS,

Importer of Musical Goods and Publisher of Music.

223 Main St., between 2d and 3d, Louisville, Ky.

May 14, 1863.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of Sam'l W. Eakins, deceased, are requested to come forward and settle with the undersigned. Also, those having claims against said estate are notified to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement. D. N. WALDEN, Adm'r. May 21, 1863-4w

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons holding claims against the estate of S. J. Howard, deceased, will present them to the undersigned, proven and sworn to, for payment. Also, all persons indebted to said estate will please call on the undersigned and pay up without delay. E. F. RANDOLPH, Adm'r. May 14, 1863-3w

STALLS FOR RENT!

THE stalls in the Market-House will be rented on TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1863. Those desiring to rent are hereby notified to be present. J. B. BURK, Market Master. Henderson, Ky., May 14, 1863-3w

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES!

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**CITY DRUG STORE**  
F. B. CROMWELL,  
(Successor to Cromwell & Morris.)  
Main Street, Henderson, Ky.  
**DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY.**  
SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR.  
MY STOCK IS NOW FULL AND COMPLETE, EMBRACING, IN PART, AS FOLLOWS: PURE AND FRESH  
DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, Putty and Painters' Articles; Perfumery, Brushes, Combs, Soaps, and Toilet Articles; Pure Wine, Brandies and other Liquors; for Medicinal purposes only; Lard, Cap and Nose Powders, Eucalyptus, Peppermint, and all the popular Patent Medicines of the day; Coal Oil, Lamp Oil, Chimney Glass, and everything that a Druggist's Prescriptions Compounded at all hours, Day or Night.  
My Goods have been brought LOW FOR CASH, and are offered at a very low price, and are guaranteed to be of the highest quality. VERY LOWEST CASH PRICES.  
October 2, 1862-1y  
F. B. CROMWELL.

**NEW FIRM.**  
GEO. LYNE.....W. S. JOHNSON.  
**LYNE & JOHNSON,**  
(Successors to Geo. Lyne.)  
**DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,**  
Main Street, Henderson, Ky.  
WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF PURE AND FRESH  
DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,  
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND DYE-STUFFS.  
Coal Oil of the best quality; Window Glass, Putty, Brushes, &c.  
Perfumery, Brushes, Combs, Soaps and Toilet Articles; all popular Patent Medicines of the day, amongst which are the celebrated  
Plantation Bitters and Pine Tree Tonic Cordial.  
We have a large stock of Pure Medicinal WINES, BRANDIES and other Liquors, which were bought from the Importers several years ago.  
Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded at all hours, Day or Night.  
We are determined to keep PURE and FRESH articles, and sell as low as such articles can be furnished elsewhere.  
**ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED!**  
We have an Ointment which is an infallible remedy in the cure of "Tetter, Itch and Ring Worm." It is also a certain cure for Scabies on horses.  
I have used the "Tetter Ointment," prepared by Lyne & Johnson, for scabies on horses and find it more speedy and certain than anything I have before used.  
HENDERSON, Ky., March 12, 1863.  
H. W. HOWARD.

**NEW FIRM!**  
**SHINGLE & LATHING MACHINES!**  
I HAVE at Chiles' Steam Saw Mill two first-class machines of the above kind, and am prepared to fill all orders for either SHINGLES or LATHES on short notice and at reasonable



## Ladders of Sunbeams.

Ashant the amber-tinted air  
Fall golden rays of morning light,  
That reach from darkest depth of earth  
To heaven's serene Eden-height.

Mists real than the ladder seen  
By Jacob in his mystic dreams  
Are those which scale the sapphire sky,  
Fanned by these radiant summer beams.

Upon the airy, golden rounds,  
Our yearning thoughts may upward rise,  
As rose the angels Jacob saw,  
Unto the fields of Paradise.

And bringing back from those high realms  
Some flow'ret of immortal bloom,  
Our souls may ever walk,  
Cheered by its heavenly perfume.

## Provost Marshals for Kentucky.

Col. James B. Fry, the Provost Marshal General, has announced the following appointments by the President, in conformity with the provisions of the act for enrolling and calling out the national forces:

KENTUCKY.—First District—Rowland H. Hall, marshal; Albert Bradshaw, commissioner; H. H. Kidd, surgeon. Second District—John S. McFarland, marshal; N. B. Allen, commissioner; A. Webber, surgeon. Third District—John H. C. Sandridge, marshal; James Haggard, commissioner; Bryan R. Young, surgeon. Fourth District—J. T. Alexander, marshal; John B. Cochran, commissioner; Robert B. Winch, surgeon. Fifth District—George W. Warnack, marshal; Wm. T. Barrett, commissioner; T. S. Bell, surgeon. Sixth District—George W. Berry, marshal; E. W. Hawkins, commissioner; E. P. Buckner, surgeon. Seventh District—Theodore Moore, marshal; Fitch Minger, commissioner; S. F. Gano, surgeon. Eighth District—Rob't Hays, marshal; Anon L. Wilson, commissioner; J. D. Foster, surgeon. Ninth District—Wm. C. Grier, marshal; Edward F. Dulin, commissioner; L. N. Buford, surgeon.

Maj. W. H. Sidell, of the 15th U. S. infantry, has been detailed to aid the War Department in the arrest of deserters, and in securing uniformity in the execution of the enrollment act in the State of Kentucky, with headquarters at Frankfort.

## Queer Story.

The Newcastle Chronicle is responsible for the following: A few nights ago, about half past ten o'clock, Mr. —, walking along a well-known street in a neighboring town, was suddenly accosted by a messenger as follows: "I am Mr. —, [the name is omitted, but the gentleman is a Dissenting minister]; a female has just been to my house in great consternation. Passing by the shed in the field over the way, she heard distinctly groans issuing from the hovel, proceeding doubtless from some poor person who is, perhaps, lingering in the agonies of death from violence, after having been robbed; or it may be the individual has committed suicide. We must go, my friend, and investigate the affair. A fellow-creature is in distress, and we are bound, as Christians, to give a helping hand. I have sent Mrs. —," added the reverend gentleman, "to fetch her husband, and also to bring a lantern with her." Mr. — and the gentleman proceeded to the spot, and distinctly heard the groans in the hovel. At this moment a policeman came up. "You are just the man we want," exclaimed Mr. —. "A human being lies groaning in that shed; without help. Policeman, it is a dreadful occurrence, and must be investigated." At this juncture the husband of the discoverer of the tragedy made his appearance with a lantern. The doughty "blue-bottle," however, required no assistance, but instantly climbed over the fence into the field. "Take care, policeman," said the reverend gentleman, "otherwise you may be roughly handled." The arm of the law heeded not the caution, but at once dashed into the shed, staff in hand, resolving to know what was what, or perish in the attempt. "What is it?" "What is it?" exclaimed all. "Be cautious, or the consequences may be serious. 'What is it?' There was another groan, deeper than ever, and the bystanders shuddered. "Pigs, pigs!" shouted the Bobby. The mystery was solved. Poor piggies, after a hearty supper, were restless, and were grumbling. The bipeds soon vanished.

## Concerning the Prosperity of Fools.

I have always maintained that the one important phenomenon presented by modern society is the enormous prosperity of fools. Show me an individual fool, and I will show you an aggregate society which gives that highly favored personage nine chances out of ten, and grudges the tenth to the wisest man in existence. Look where you will, in every high place there sits an ass, settled beyond the reach of all the great intellects of this world to pull him down. Here is the perfectly hopeless booby Frank; he has never done anything in his life to help himself, and, as a necessary consequence, society is in a conspiracy to carry him to the top of the tree. He has hardly had time to throw away that chance you gave him, before this letter comes and puts the ball at his foot for the second time. My rich cousin (who is intellectually fit to be at the tail of the family, and who is, therefore, as a matter of course, at the head of it,) has been good enough to remember my existence, and has offered his influence to serve my eldest boy. Read this letter, and then observe the sequence of events. My rich cousin is a booby who thrives on politics, who knows of a third booby who thrives on commerce, who can do something for a fourth booby thriving at present on nothing, whose name is Frank; so the mill goes. So the cream of all human rewards is sipped in endless succession by the fools.—[WILKIE COLLINS.]

## A HERO OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Many years ago, I met with a Frenchman who had been an active, if subordinate, ministrant in the Reign of Terror. In Pettit's Collection of Papers illustrative of that period, we find him warmly commended to Robespierre as a young patriot, ready to sacrifice on the altar of his country as many becombs of fellow-countrymen as the Goddess of Reason might require. When I saw this official of the tribunal of blood, which was in a London drawing-room, where his antecedents were not generally known; he was a very polite grey-haired gentleman of the old school of manners, addicted, like Cardinal Richelieu and Warren Hastings to the composition of harmless verses. I have seldom met with one who more instantaneously charmed a social circle by his rapid and instinctive sympathy with the humors of all around him—gay with the gay, serious with the serious, easy with the young, caressingly respectful to the old. Fascinated by the charm of his address, a fine lady whispered to me, "This, indeed, is that exquisite French manner of which we have heard so much and seen so little." Nothing now-a-days like the polish of the old regime.—Sir E. B. Lytton in Blackwood's Magazine.

"THE COMFORT OF UGLINESS.—We cannot say—and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer—if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness; in ugliness that, unchanged, will last a man his life; a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear. A man so appointed is saved many alarms, many spasms of pride. Time cannot wound his vanity though his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintances start at sudden alteration—hinting, in such surprise, decay, and the final tomb. He grows older with no terner imitations—church-yard voices—crying, "How you're altered!" How many a man might have been a truer husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when arrived at legal maturity, cut off—say, an inch of his nose!"

"I love the music of a thunder-storm. To hear the rushing and roaring of the wind, and the reverberating of the thunder among the hills, until it gradually dies away in the distance, is a species of enjoyment peculiar to but few. There is, too, a beauty in the forked lightning, and music in the crashing report. And yet, how awful! How terror-stricken is the haughtiest or profane man when the powerful and resistless elements are thus at war—when the lightning cometh from the East and shineth even unto the West, and before the eye has recovered from its dazzling brightness, the unexplained explosion follows, stunning the ear as much as the momentary flash blinds the eye. How rebuked and fearful does every created being gaze towards the Heavens, and ejaculate at least a mental 'God save me!' But after all, what can be more truly sublime than a magnificent thunder-storm—when the clouds are madly careering midway between earth and sky?—the vivid lightning darting forth from the black and looming cloud, accompanied by a report more terrible than anything we can imagine,—all nature in convulsions, and shaking to her very centre.

"What a curse is debt! No man is or can be truly and entirely free in thought, word, and action, who is its victim. It is, without doubt, the greatest of all the evils which escaped from Pandora's box upon the world. It is deadlier than the cell of the Inquisition—it chains both the soul and body. Like a shadow, it meets a man at every corner. Aye, even closer than a shadow is its companion, for, sunshine or shade, it never leaves him. It is a tormentor which gives to the unhappy prisoner no rest. Only the most superhuman exertions can ever weaken, much less break and throw off the chains with which it is ever loading its captive; and nothing but its total and complete annihilation can secure you from the baleful presence of the stony-eyed and merciless captor.

"RATHER TOO CAREFUL.—The Independent says: 'The loss sustained by hoarding up money has been exemplified at Ostend. A respectable woman, aged eighty-three, feeling her end approach, called her son to her and told him to look in a certain place where he would find a bag containing a sum of money, which belonged to him, and which she advised him to make good use of. She had, she said, laid it by for him in 1820, on the day of his first communion. The son found in the bag 671 Dutch 10-florin pieces (about 14,000f.). Had the old lady placed the sum out at compound interest, her son would now have had a fortune of more than 100,000f.'

"Three Sioux spies in Minnesota, were captured by a party of Winnebagoes on the 7th. The Winnebagoes cut out their hearts, chopped their bodies into small pieces, and distributed them among the tribe, and had a grand war-dance; and now have formally declared war against the Sioux.

"We saw the other day an old continental bill stuck up in a store, with the following adaptation, from a well-known epitaph appended to it:

"Stop, Greenback, stop, as you pass by;  
As you are now so once was I;  
As I am now so you must be;  
Depreciate and follow me."

DAMPED ARBOR.—Jerold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerold, telling the story many years after, said: "But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us."

A Country girl was spilt from a wagon at Columbus, Ohio, and had all her finery mused and dirtied, and lay for some time insensible. Her first tremulous exclamation on recovering was: "I hope there are no editors in sight."

"Well I suppose you have been out to Texas—did you see anything of your old friend Jim out there?" "Yes he's gone deranged!" "How! what does he do? real crazy?" "Yes indeed, he doesn't know his own hogs from his neighbors."

At a public sale of books, the auctioneer put up "Drew's Essays on Souls," which was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the crowded room, asked the auctioneer if "he had any more works on shoe-making to sell."

"THE RELIGION OF SHOW.—There are a good many pious people who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holiday occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear."

## TAKE NOTICE!

ALL persons knowing, or not knowing themselves indebted to us, by note or account, are earnestly invited to call at our house on Mill street and settle the same. By doing so they will do some service to themselves and more to us.

In the future all our business will be conducted on a strictly CASH basis. We have found MARCH settlements to be a HUMBUG. Respectfully,  
T. M. JENKINS & CO.  
Henderson, Ky., April 2, 1863.

## Henderson Female

## COLLEGE!

H. B. PARSONS, A. M.,  
PRESIDENT.

THIS institution will commence its third session on Monday, September 1st, 1863.

The following lists will represent charges for the respective branches taught in this institution:

Academical branches, including the entire Mathematical course.....	\$50 00
Latin.....	20 00
Greek.....	20 00
French.....	20 00
Students taking the entire Collegiate course.....	70 00

The above has reference to a session of ten months.

Proper deductions will be made in case of protracted illness on the part of pupils.  
If Each Student will be charged \$1 for incidental expenses.  
Henderson, June 26, 1862—y

## PUBLIC ATTENTION!



## I. RITTENBERG

RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends and the public he has a newly invented PANTOSCOPIC SPECTACLES, on newly discovered principles, by which the numerous inconveniences of the Spectacles now in use are entirely avoided, and every advantage secured which these articles can possibly afford in assisting the sight. In addition to that I have on hand the

BRAZILIAN PEBBLE SPECTACLE. They are made on a scientific principle. FIELD GLASSES FOR THE ARMY. Superior to all others now in use.

Marine Spectacles, Compound and gimble Microscopes, Opera and Hunting Glasses, Spyglasses, Bino Glasses, Telescopes, Shell, Steel and Gold Frames.

Near-sighted and Cataract Spectacles.

The above mentioned articles are always kept on hand, and can be had of I. RITTENBERG, No. 67 Main Street, Evansville, Ind. November 27, 1862—ly

H. F. TURNER,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
HENDERSON, KY.

Will practice in Henderson, Union, Hopkins and Daviess counties, Kentucky.  
Office on Main street, nearly opposite P. H. Hillyer's Bookstore. 39-7-y

J. F. CLAY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.  
Will practice in the courts of Henderson and adjoining counties.  
Office—One door below Hillyer's Book-Store, up stairs. Feb 12, 1863

## NOTICE.

LODGED in jail in the town of Morganfield, Union county, Ky., on the 13th Jan'y, 1863, as a runaway, a negro man, 5 feet 9 inches high, weighs about 160 lbs, dark complexion, and about 40 years old; says his name is SIGHTS, and belongs to Mrs. Martha Austin, Tipton county, Tennessee. The owner is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, or else said slave will be dealt with according to law.  
WM. MAGUIRE,  
Jailor Union Co.

LEWIS ZELLER,  
—AT THE—  
Fashionable Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon,  
Main st., two doors below the Postoffice, HENDERSON, KY.

Will take great pleasure in serving his friends and the public generally in his line in a satisfactory manner. The Shop has recently been refitted in a fashionable manner, and patronage is respectfully solicited.  
January 18, 1862

## FOREIGN & DOMESTIC LIQUORS.

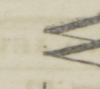
MY stock of Liquors is very large, consisting of fine French Brandy, imported direct from Europe; Apple and Peach Brandy, Catawba, Madeira, Blackberry and Raspberry Brandy; Holland Gin, Rum, Bourbon and Rye Whisky, Port and Sherry Wine, Rhine Wine, Bitters.  
The attention of country merchants is especially called to this branch of my business.  
Oct. 2, 1862. B. KOLTINSKY.

## NORRIS & STARLING.



HAVING purchased the stock of R. G. Beverley and consolidated with it the stock of T. L. Norris, we invite the patrons of both houses, as well as all others who may favor us with their patronage, to call and examine our goods, feeling confident that we can please them.

## GROCERIES



At Atkinson's Old Stand, Mill Street, HENDERSON, KY.

## STILL OPEN! FRESH ARRIVAL OF GROCERIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

## B. KOLTINSKY, WHOLE ALE & RETAIL

DEALER IN

## Groceries and Liquors!



At Atkinson's Old Stand, Mill Street, HENDERSON, KY.

## CHEAPEST MART IN THE CITY!

I WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Henderson and surrounding country that I am truly thankful for the liberal patronage extended to me during the first three months of my stay in this city, and hope to largely increase my trade for the future. I have just received new additions to my already large stock, and now offer to the people almost every article in the Grocery line at

## Prices to Suit the Times.

My terms are CASH EXCLUSIVELY, and my motto,  
QUICK SALES & SMALL PROFITS.

I invite the attention of purchasers to my stock, and request an examination before purchasing elsewhere. B. KOLTINSKY.

## HENDERSON WAGON AND PLOW FACTORY.



## Agricultural Implements

Of all kinds made to order.  
Plows, Wagons, Plow Handles, Plow Beams and Wagon Fellows.

Made of the very best material, constantly on hand and for sale.

## IRON & STEEL ALSO FOR SALE.

Highest cash price paid for old iron, brass, copper and rags. O. BROAD.  
Henderson, Ky., Feb. 12th, 1863.

## Henderson Academy.

THE sixth session of this School commenced on Monday, February 2, 1863, and will continue twenty weeks.

TERMS:  
Common English..... \$30 00  
High English and Classics..... 25 00  
Civil and Military Engineering, extra, each..... 10 00  
Incidentals..... 50  
Match 12, 1863—  
WARNER CRAIG,  
Proprietor

## BOOT AND SHOE-MAKING!

K. GEIBEL,  
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER,  
HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he may be found at his stand on Second street, two doors from the corner of Main, where he is prepared and ready at all times to execute any order in his line in a neat, durable and fashionable style. He is determined to do business exclusively

ON THE CASH PLAN  
and in no instance will credit be extended. He feels grateful for past patronage and assures the public that no pains shall be spared to merit a continuance of the same. 39-7—

## CLOTHING!

GEORGE HAK  
MERCHANT-TAILOR!  
AND DEALER IN  
Ready-Made Clothing,  
At the old Stand of A. Hak, on Mill street, Henderson, Ky.

MAY still be found at his place of business with ready-made Clothing and a stock of Goods, ever ready to serve those who may give him a call, with any article in his line. Terms cheap as any other house in the city. Patronage solicited.  
February 8th, 1862.

## Tobacco and Cigar Store.

TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS!

JOHN REICHERT,  
Manufacturer of all Kinds of Cigars,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,  
HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Henderson that he has removed to the stand formerly occupied by R. M. Allen, and has on hand a large stock of Tobacco and Cigars of all brands, Pipes of all kinds; Amber and Meerschaum Mouth-Pieces, and in fact every thing usually found in a first-class Tobacco and Cigar Store. He would also respectfully solicit a liberal patronage at the hands of the good people of Henderson  
Feb. 8th, 1862—y

## UNDERTAKING!

## WOOD AND METALIC COFFINS!



HAVING sold my entire stock of Furniture to Mr. A. Parris, who will hereafter carry on that business at my old stand on Main St., I would announce that I am engaged in the Undertaking business exclusively, and at all times have on hand a variety of Metallic and Wood Coffins, and am ever ready to fill orders, which must invariably be accompanied by the cash. I have two HEARSEs, which may be had on Funeral occasions either in the city or county.

Place of business on First street between Hancock House and river. Residence first door below Hancock House.

T. SCHAEFFER  
Henderson, May 29, 1863.

## AMERICAN HOUSE.



East side Elm, between First and Second street HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

HAVING purchased the house heretofore known as the "Adams House," and thoroughly repaired and refitted the same, I most respectfully ask a liberal share of the public patronage.

Every reasonable exaction will be made to render the guests comfortable, both BOARDERS and TRAVELERS, who may favor me with their patronage.

J. H. FULWILER,  
Proprietor.

## House-Furnishing Depot

## N. H. BARNARD,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

## STOVES, CRATES,

CASTINGS, HOLLOW WARE,

## TIN, COPPER AND Sheet-Iron Ware,

MAIN STREET,

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

I HAVE just received a large stock, embracing every article in the house-furnishing line, consisting in part of COOK STOVES of various patterns, HEATING STOVES, coal or wood, PLAIN AND FANCY TIN-WARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, SKILLETS, LIDS AND OVENS, Chain Pumps, Tea Kettles, Stew Pots, and every other article usually found in a similar establishment.

TERMS POSITIVELY CASH.

P. S.—Particular attention paid to Job Work.

December 18, 1862.

## PRINTING!

1863

1863

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE

## Henderson Reporter

ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

## JOB PRINTING

EMBRACING ALL STYLES OF

## PLAIN, ORNAMENTAL, & FANCY PRINTING,

SUCH AS

CARDS, BILLS OF LADING

Bill-Heads, Hand-Bills, Posters,

Programmes, Show Bills,

Catalogues, Pamphlets, Ball Tickets,

FUNERAL NOTICES, CHECKS,

Briefs, By-Laws, Labels, Mani-

festes, Constitutions,

INVITATIONS, WAGON RECEIPTS,

And every other description of Printing.

## THE JOB OFFICE

IS UNDER THE SUPERINTENDANCE OF AN

Experienced Printer.

THE SELECTION OF

## PLAIN AND FANCY TYPE,

& C., & C., & C.,

Leaves nothing to be desired in that line,

and OUR PRICES are at the Lowest

REMUNERATING RATES.

All Orders Promptly and Expedi-

tiously attended to.

## SEND IN YOUR ORDERS.

OUR MOTTO IS NEATNESS,

CHEAPNESS AND DISPATCH!